

# THE AMERICAN.

JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

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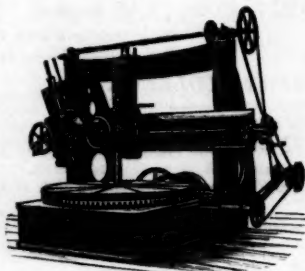
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We have been under so many obligations to THE AMERICAN, of Philadelphia, that we desire publicly to acknowledge it as a guide, philosopher and friend. We have a bluff Western way about us, and in some respects Felix Holt was a conservative compared to us; but like THE AMERICAN, we are for decent politics and for progress; and where we differ with it, it is that candid difference in opinion which, among true men, makes friends, not enemies. We commend THE AMERICAN to the thoughtful readers of the new West. It is a weekly like ours, and the price is the same—\$3.00 per year.—*Inter-Ocean*, Denver, Colorado.

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# THE AMERICAN.

VOL. X.—NO 255.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1885.

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE arrival of the Liberty Statue in New York and the return of the Liberty Bell to Philadelphia are the two sentimental events of the week. The travels of our bell to New Orleans and back produced an impression beyond what could have been expected. After all, the old-fashioned extravagance of the Fourth of July oration, and the extravagant cynicism which it has lately caused by way of reaction, have not touched the deepest place in the American character. There is a depth of patriotic feeling in our people, which is awakened by every unquestionable symbol of our unity in the present and its history in the past. And to this the bell appealed.

One great advantage that has been gained is that the average Philadelphian has been awakened up to his possession of a share in this national relic. It is even to be hoped that when he is passing the State-House at some time in the next six months, he may join the crowd of visitors from other parts of the country and take a look at the contents of our historical museum. As a rule nobody but visitors think of going, chiefly because as the museum is always there one "can go at any time."

WE have less faith in the genuineness of the enthusiasm over the statue. It has not had the evidence of works to prove its reality. The story of the pedestal fund is not one that will redound much to the credit of New York, and it detracts from the sympathy with which the reception will be regarded. At the same time it must be said that the New Yorkers showed their usual ability in getting up the demonstration on the occasion. The Frenchmen on the *Isere* cannot but have been impressed by their welcome and the entertainments which followed it. We hope nothing will occur to disturb the harmony, but our hope is not confidence. The conduct of the French, both during the Centennial Exhibition and at Yorktown, was not such as to give any great evidence of magnanimity. Alone of all our visitors in 1876, they left an unpleasant impression behind them. As there is no room for international jealousy of Englishmen or Germans in the present instance, everything may go off well.

SECRETARY WHITNEY has made a new move in the *Dolphin* business, by addressing a letter to the Attorney-General Garland, asking whether, in the opinion of that official, the United States has a "bad bargain" or a "broken contract" with Mr. Roach. This is an assumption which, on either hand, condemns the vessel and its builder, and also reflects upon the Advisory Board who made the plans for it. The facts are that the vessel was built under the provisions of the law of Congress, which required her construction according to the plans and detailed drawings of the Advisory Board. These, being furnished to Mr. Roach, he followed, and he is to be held responsible simply for good and skilful workmanship in using the materials according to the drawings. As a matter of fact, his workmanship is good, which relieves him, and entitles him to the acceptance of the ship and the payment of the money; while, as concerns the public, it is also fairly shown that the ship is itself good, and this will relieve the Advisory Board from blame.

But what the Secretary wants is the condemnation of the ship. Nothing else will serve. That would condemn alike the Advisory Board, the preceding Administration, and Mr. Roach. It would lay the ground for discrediting at one stroke American ships and American builders. Mr. Garland is therefore asked for some sort of an opinion to help on this scheme. What he can say on the subject will have no value particularly, because the real

question at issue is not one of law, but of facts, and he knows nothing about the latter more than other people.

THE PRESIDENT and Mr. Bayard, if they wished to conciliate Catholic support by their selection of a minister to Rome—as we presumed from their choice of Mr. Keiley they did,—have not been happy in sending Judge Stallo, of Cincinnati, to Italy. Mr. Stallo has long been known in the philosophic world as an American representative of the philosophy of his Fatherland. He has done good service by his exposure, in his work on "Scientific Concepts," of much of the bad metaphysics which passes itself off as science in this age. But his religious opinions are believed to be of the negative sort. There is nothing in the selection to give pleasure at the Vatican, and what sympathy he has in European politics, is with the nation which helped to make Victor Emmanuel king in Rome as well as outside it.

Poor Mr. Keiley's troubles are said not to have come to an end with his transfer to Vienna. His wife is refused social recognition as an ex-Jewess. His attitude towards the occupation of Rome by the Italians gives offence even in Vienna. And altogether his lot is not a happy one. He is not the only sufferer among Mr. Bayard's recent appointments. Mr. Jonas, who has been appointed to Prague as Consul-general, is a Czech, and a sympathizer with the nationalist party in Bohemia,—as though an Irish nationalist had been selected for Dublin. Mr. Raine is just as unacceptable in Berlin, being a political agitator who left Germany for America because he had to, and now returns to represent us with a government he avowedly detests. Mr. Bayard should have shown a little more discretion.

THE Republican party in New York is looking forward with much anxiety to the coming election of a governor, as its opportunity to swing the State back into the Republican line. Mr. Hill has done much to help them by his absurdities as Mr. Cleveland's successor and substitute. But it is felt that much must depend upon the position the party takes in its platform and its nominations. There are three sets of Republicans to be united in one body, as in New York there was a Stalwart as well as an Independent bolt. To secure a candidate who will command the support of all three, and who will stand for a genuine loyalty to Republican principles, is not easy. Perhaps Mr. Andrew D. White, who has been released from duty at Cornell, is the coming man. Perhaps he will be found in the Mayor of Brooklyn. Or we venture to suggest that Mr. Sherman S. Rogers of Buffalo has a record for loyalty, both to the party and to Civil Service reform, which would make him a desirable candidate.

The selection is the more important as the Republican party will have many practical reasons for looking to New York for its next candidate for the presidency. And if these reasons prevail over other considerations, it will be either to a senator or the governor that the party will turn first. If any New Yorker shall be found in 1888 to have filled the governor's chair for two years without ruining his political future by either making enemies or making blunders, then the lightning may strike right there. So the Republicans of that State have reason for looking ahead.

THE candidacy of Colonel Quay for the state treasurership of Pennsylvania has made some progress within the fortnight, and as the state convention is to meet on the 8th proximo, it is evident that the question of a choice cannot long remain in suspense. Colonel Quay has a very great advantage, so far as getting a nomination may go, in that he is familiar with the party machinery, and can lay his hand at a moment's notice on the

"workers" in every part of the state. In a year when there is but a slack interest in the subject of politics, the advantage thus enjoyed is very great.

It is proper to say, however, that there is no real change in the situation. The nomination of Colonel Quay would not be a discreet move for the Republicans of Pennsylvania. Should it be made, a Democratic assault of the most determined character will be undertaken, and the success of this may follow. It is not to be presumed that the Republican strength can be fully exerted; there will be a very general feeling that the influences which have controlled the nomination may see to the election,—if they can.

As an alternative candidate, state senator Longenecker, of Bedford county, is proposed, and he is vouched for in the most unequivocal manner as possessing the qualities needed in a state officer exercising important functions. We do not observe that in any quarter his competency or his merit is called in question, while his record as a Republican, and as a soldier of the Union, is particularly calculated to enlist the regard of the voters of his party. That it would be greatly more wise to take such a candidate in Pennsylvania this year must be conceded, and if the Convention should decide to take the alternative of risk, the party may have to seriously regret it.

THE very positive action of the railroad committee of City Councils, in favoring ordinances giving the right of way for its tracks to the new Baltimore and Philadelphia railroad,—the Baltimore and Ohio's line,—was accepted as settling the question whether the city is to have promptly, and without any unnecessary delay, the advantage of another trunk line to the West. It probably had not been presumed in any quarter that the new road could be absolutely and entirely kept out, but there was, no doubt, the hope of impeding its entrance, of postponing the time when it could have a share of Philadelphia traffic, and also of putting such conditions and restrictions upon it as would make the construction of the line very costly, and put it at a disadvantage in its operations. This hope has been disappointed, both by the committee and by one branch of Councils, and at this writing the whole question is presumed to be practically disposed of.

The route by which the new line is to enter was decided upon by the City Engineer, Mr. Smedley, the Baltimore and Ohio engineer, Col. Douglass, and a consulting engineer, Mr. John A. Wilson. That these gentlemen were able to agree was rather a notable circumstance, considering the magnitude of the interests involved, and the antagonisms which naturally entered into the business. That the City's side of the transaction has been fully guarded in the ordinances proposed, all have had the opportunity of seeing, and there does not appear to be any public complaint of neglect in that particular. Anticipating, therefore, its early enjoyment of enlarged railroad facilities, it is quite in order to tender Philadelphia hearty congratulations.

EX-MAYOR FOX, who succeeds Colonel Snowden at the head of the Philadelphia mint, is plagued by Democratic aspirants for places in its departments. He announces his purpose to conduct the establishment on strictly business principles, and to make selections and retentions with reference to efficiency. But we observe that he does not also commit himself against the removal, sooner or later, of every Republican in the place. He only promises that efficient persons shall be secured, which is *not* Civil Service reform. We should be glad to see Mr. Fox carry out his promise to manage the mint on business principles, and in all respects make an excellent record there. We give him credit for the best intentions, but we doubt his possession of the requisite firmness. He became mayor of this city with intentions no doubt equally good. But he was so good-natured in his compliance with the demands of his friends, that he gave us the worst city government in a long period of time. He even excited a doubt—afterwards happily dispelled by Mr. King—whether a Democrat could

be a satisfactory mayor of Philadelphia, and could manage the police so as to prevent the ill-treatment of our colored citizens.

THE Massachusetts General Court, as the legislature still is called, has adjourned after a session of 164 days. These days were not wasted, although some of them were spent in defeating objectionable measures, and others in overcoming the obstruction of an unscrupulous minority. Yet the people are asked to vote an amendment to the constitution by which the general court will meet only every other year unless called together by the governor. In this case the lessons of the past year are in favor of following the ancient usage of annual sessions.

Two bits of news from the South enable us to realize the condition and treatment of the colored man in that section. Two respectable citizens of Brooklyn vouch for seeing the expulsion of a colored clergyman and his wife from the "ladies' car"—i. e. the white people's car—in an Alabama train, by threats and oaths backed with loaded revolvers. One of the two northern witnesses was violently assaulted for expressing an unfavorable opinion of the proceeding, and had his assailant fined for it.

A despatch from South Carolina shows that the condition of the colored men sentenced to the chain gang in that state is much worse than slavery. Those hired from the State to work on the Savannah Valley railroad have been treated with the most brutal cruelty, resulting in the painful death of quite a number. Legree is not dead in South Carolina, but he calls himself a contractor now. His victims are handed over to him in punishment of slight offences for which a white man would suffer a trifling fine. And they are driven to death under the lash before the term of their sentence has expired.

THE conviction of Buddensiek, the fraudulent building contractor, was a case in which the jury had to proceed upon general probabilities. The evidence was flatly contradictory. The prosecution produced witnesses who swore that the man used loam in making mortar, purchased the worst and cheapest materials, and gave instructions which must result in the erection of unsafe buildings. The defence produced witnesses who swore to the contrary at every point. But the jury found him guilty, and he has been sentenced to an imprisonment of ten years—a penalty so severe that he is very unlikely to incur the full extent of it.

MR. Chauncey M. Depew accepts the presidency of the Central Railroad, of which he has long been the chief legal adviser. Our experience is not altogether in favor of making lawyers the presidents of railroad corporations. But there are lawyers and lawyers, and from Mr. Depew's past career we infer that his presidency will be conservative and business-like. As he is a sound Protectionist, we presume that we are not to hear of any more purchases of English rails for that road.

THE Tories have at last made up their minds to accept power in England, but not without some preliminary skirmishing which seems to show that Lord Salisbury has a head for political strategy. The Liberals were for forcing him to take office without any pledges from them that they would not obstruct his policy. He soon showed them that he had a rod in pickle. The Distribution of Seats bill has not finally passed the House of Lords. It wipes out the present constituencies, and substitutes others with an enlarged franchise. If the bill were passed, then no dissolution could be had until November, and the new constituencies only could be appealed to. But if it were hung up in the lords, Lord Salisbury could dissolve at any moment and go to the existing constituencies for a new Parliament. This would not suit the Liberals at all. Of the constituencies which they have reduced in representation or absorbed into larger electoral bodies, they would lose perhaps every one. The Tories would harp on the local grievance, and assure the voters that the election of a Tory Parliament was the only way to save themselves from virtual or partial dis-



franchisement. And such a dissolution and appeal would be strictly in accord with Tory professions. They have denounced Mr. Gladstone for recasting the constitution of Parliament without first submitting the question to the existing constituencies.

This threat brought even the most radical of the Liberals to their senses. They at once acceded to giving the Tories such informal pledges as would induce them to go on until November, and then to submit all issues to the new constituencies. And with this understanding the new ministry is formed.

THE arrangement of the new Cabinet is that the Marquis of Salisbury becomes Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Sir Stafford Northcote joins the Marquis in the House of Lords, and assumes the position of First Lord of the Treasury; and the leadership in the House of Commons is intrusted to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer. This assignment departs from the ordinary usage in conferring the Premiership upon another official than the First Lord of the Treasury. But the Marquis of Salisbury has had no experience in finance, while he is strong in foreign politics, and he must be at the head. It also stands for a compromise between the Marquis and Lord Randolph Churchill.

The "Fourth Party," or bolting Tories, who did so much to make Sir Stafford Northcote's life a burden to him, get three important offices, for Lord George Hamilton, the new head of the Admiralty, was one of the handful of noisy members, as well as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

The Cabinet is a strong one, though less brilliant than when Beaconsfield was at the helm. It has men who share in none of the blindness of the Tories to new issues. It takes office when the party has been forced by the pressure of hard times to feel and admit that new moves must be made. Unless it manages to quarrel with Mr. Parnell, it probably will have a majority of the English and Scotch members in the next House behind it. And then it may make history as has not been done by any ministry since Sir Robert Peel left the Exchequer for the last time.

THE Irish Home Rulers were jubilant over the defeat of the Gladstone ministry, and since the Tories have been forced by Lord Randolph Churchill to abandon coercion, they are doubly pleased, since it is conceded by all that it is now completely beaten. Evidently, a measure of this sort, which the Tories will not undertake, is not one for the Gladstone ministry to adopt. The worst defeated men therefore, are Earl Spencer and the Whig section of the Liberals who stood with him in the vehement declaration that without a revival of coercion Ireland could not be controlled; while certainly Mr. Gladstone himself, with Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, are in a not uncomfortable position, since they declined to believe anything of the sort, and now have the whole awkward business off their hands.

BUT while the event has proved so satisfactory to the Home Rulers, it may be doubted whether they did not do a far greater service to Mr. Gladstone than they cared to do, and whether, as often heretofore, he was not cleverer than his opponents. If the Home Rulers had voted to sustain him in the matter of the budget, they would have forced the question of coercion into a place of the first importance. In a few days more the ministry would have gone to pieces on just this issue,—the first time that a ministry had been wrecked on the Irish problem. This would have put the annoyance England derives from holding Ireland in the leash in a very distinct shape. But in their eagerness to inflict defeat, they missed the chance of holding the Liberals' nose to the grindstone. They took their revenge upon Mr. Gladstone, but it is a revenge singularly like that of the Cork mob upon the local banker, when they gathered up his notes and burned them in front of his bank. They voted Mr. Gladstone down on the beer question, and then released him at once from all the obligations and responsibilities his Irish policy had entangled him with.

#### THE TWO SIDES OF THE SILVER DOLLAR.

BETWEEN silver fanatics and anti-silver fanatics, common sense has but small chance of a hearing in these days. Just at present in the United States the silver fanatic has the advantage of position, and may be said to constitute the more immediate danger. We are drifting under the weight of a currency worth less than its face value, and made of a metal whose value may at any moment change very materially to our disadvantage. So long as the law stands unchanged, we must go on increasing the amount of this currency, and we cannot be far from the time when its volume will have become unmanageable. As soon as it constitutes so large a proportion of our currency as to modify the character of the whole, the operation of "Gresham's Law" will drive gold out of circulation, and will reduce it to the condition of merchandise bought and sold but not circulated in payment. Our paper will come to the silver level, whereas both it and our standard silver dollar are as yet held up to the gold level by the amount and preponderance of our gold currency. And this silver level will not be relatively steady, as is the gold level at which we are now doing business. It will alter and vary with the market price of a commodity for which there is an unsteady demand, and of which we have an unsteady supply. Nothing can save us from all the calamities of a depreciated and fluctuating currency but a repeal of the silver coinage law; and the silver fanatics in Congress have been too strong thus far to permit of this.

One reason of their resistance is their fear of the anti-silver fanatics, who wish nothing better than the permanent exclusion of this metal from our currency and that of the world. If the especial friends of silver could be convinced that the suspension of silver coinage was with the intention of forcing a resumption of its use as coin by other countries, they would be inclined perhaps to listen to reason. But they believe that any yielding of the advantage they have in the present law would be lost permanently if they made any concessions. They hold fast because they believe if they let go their cause is lost.

The hope for the country is in the rise of an intermediate and moderate party, which will aim at the retention of silver in the coinage of America and of the world, without wishing to see the country burdened with a currency worth less than its face value. But thus far this party is in America but a small one. It includes indeed every eminent bi-metallist in Europe, and some of the most eminent of the school in America,—Judge Kelley among the first. That it will grow by accessions from both is a reasonable expectation. One thing that will help its growth from the anti-silver class is the evidence from every quarter as to the amount of harm that has been done the world by the demonetization of silver. Especially when such evidence comes from England it is reasonable to hope that it will get a hearing in America. There is a considerable body of educated Americans who strongly suspect any teaching in economic matters which has not received the stamp of some English authority upon it. We were told in New England last winter that there was some hope of Protection getting a hearing, now that Mr. Sidgwick and some other Englishmen had made the discovery that it was not such folly after all. So with silver. When the governors of the Bank of England and economists like Mr. Goschen and Mr. Giffen come to see that the demonetization of silver has done a vast amount of harm, there is hope that certain Americans may borrow the use of their eyesight, and may find certain American arguments on the subject, from men like Mr. Walker and Mr. Howe, are worth their study.

Mr. Goschen, as our readers are aware, is not the object of our admiration. But he is what we call a "Bourse economist" of recognized standing. He has studied the money question as a problem of exchange and of prices with the best advantages. Into the more profound aspects of the question he has not penetrated, and indeed he is not aware of their existence. Like Ricardo, the chief of "Bourse economists," he has no higher conception of its function than that mechanical English idea, which is ample for Bourse

uses, but breaks down when the relation of money to production, as well as to exchange, is considered. And Mr. Goschen, reasoning from this point of view, reaches the conclusion that the great depression in prices which we call "hard times" is due to the demonetization of silver.

Mr. Giffen's authority in such matters is much higher than Mr. Goschen's—is indeed among the highest in England. He is the confidential expert adviser of the Chancellors of the British Exchequer without distinction of party, and in his more public relations he stands well at the head of English statistics. In his paper in the *Contemporary Review* for June, he makes a tabulated exhibit of the unparalleled fall in the prices of the great staples, and seeks for an explanation of this. He very properly rejects all merely local causes as insufficient to account for a world-wide phenomenon, and seeks for such as are co-extensive with the effect. He, too, like Mr. Goschen, can find no cause that is sufficient but the demonetization of silver. He rejects the over-production theory on the ground that this has not proceeded with greater rapidity since than before 1873, and that up to that year prices were falling. As for gold, he estimates that the annual supply, after deducting the amount absorbed in the arts, is hardly enough to replace the wear and tear of the circulation, and that the quantity coined by the British Mint has fallen to one-tenth of what it was in 1872. He tells us that there is no good reason to expect any considerable increase of the supply.

Mr. Giffen has not a very keen sense of the evil effects which must flow from this great contraction. He insists that England is not suffering in the sense and to the extent that the popular estimate of the situation assumes. It is true that British exports have fallen off in value, and British manufactures bring a much lower price in both the home and the foreign markets which they seek. But true to the maxim that "the interest of the consumer" is the only one worth considering, he insists that the country is really not the worse for the fall in prices. Less than this no Free Trader can say with consistency. It is the business of that school to persuade the world that there is no harm in hard times, if indeed they are not a blessing. But the popular instinct and hard experience alike tell the unsophisticated mind that the "blessing" is "disguised" altogether too much to be appreciated in that capacity. And the broad fact that all society is suffering from the depression of the interests of the producing class is of itself enough to bring the fundamental maxim of the Free Traders into deserved disrepute.

#### WEEKLY NOTES.

THERE is a collateral embarrassment which is very serious attending upon a deferential regard for the nude in art. This is simply the difficulty of drawing the line, in a practical application of laws, where an exhibition of nude pictures is all right, and where, on the other hand, it is all wrong. Whatever we must concede—whether it be little or much—to the pure artistic motive in presenting the undraped figure by graphic methods, we are certainly not bound to concede anything to the flash papers and theatre posters which set out to draw attention and secure patronage by an appeal to prurient tastes in their pictures. Nakedness displayed in that behalf is an immorality, and is proper that the law should so regard it. And since it then seeks to protect itself under the cover granted to the high motives of art, it becomes a question how much toleration we really need to give the latter. French art is very much nude, so much so that a photogravure catalogue of the *Salon* pictures is scarcely a nice thing to offer to your parlor visitors without expurgation, and it will scarcely be claimed, we presume, that French morals, especially as exhibited in Paris, are of the highest order. The law must be given some standing-ground from which to reach public indecency, and how much this will necessarily trench upon the latitude which has been granted to art is a question which may require consideration.

The first number of the new "Coöperative Index to Periodicals," covering the quarter January-March, 1885, is varied, and makes a very good appearance. The periodicals undertaken number nearly a hundred, about equally divided between this country and Great Britain. As it is designed to be a continuation of Poole's great "Index," the features of that work are retained and its gen-

eral plan carefully followed. The editor is Mr. W. I. Fletcher, who has the assistance of nearly fifty members of the American Literary Association, and the undertaking is generally under the management of Mr. R. R. Bowker, at the office of the *Publisher's Weekly*, New York. A good beginning is made, and the work will have, we trust, a cordial support.

We have received the fourth annual report of the Dante Society, which besides giving the proceedings of the May meeting, contains additional and very interesting notes to the "Divine Comedy," by Longfellow. These notes were made by Mr. Longfellow from time to time after the publication of his translation. He intended to revise the book, inserting other memoranda, which were lately found among his papers. With this important pamphlet comes part I. of a bibliography of the Dante collections in the Harvard College and Boston Public Libraries. It is one of the "Bibliographical Contributions" of the Library of Harvard University, edited by Justin Winsor.

THE laws of New York for several years past have forbidden the practices called "book-making" and "pool-selling" on the race-grounds of the State, and under the oversight of Mr. Henry Bergh—whose efforts in this particular are much more creditable to him than his attempt to revive the whipping-post—the law has been strictly enforced. The "sporting people" labored in vain with the last legislature to effect a repeal, and even the orthodox *Mail and Express*, which has no words strong enough to express its horror of Mr. Heber Newton's heresies, advocated repeal. It was said that studs would be broken up, blooded horses would shun the State, and that the New York breed of horses would degenerate unless gambling on the race-course were made legal.

It is now announced by Mr. Jerome that the race association of which he is chief, has discovered a way of eluding the law. The law allows the association to offer premiums. This they will do in the future. They will accept subscriptions from the patrons of the race-course, and they will pay out the sums thus accumulated to the owners and backers of the winning horse. In other words the association goes into the business of pool-selling, and has a monopoly of it. Mr. Jerome says that several lawyers have pronounced this proceeding to be within the law. If so, they must be very ignorant of the meaning of the Latin word *premium*, and Mr. Bergh's lawyers may find the means to enlighten them.

#### A REMEDY FOR SOUTHERN PROVINCIALISM.

IS there no practical remedy for the provincialism of the people of the Southern States? The educational advancement making there helps to broaden them, but even educational work falls into provincial methods. Industrial development makes the people's thought more practical and their ideas broader, but provincialism is a constant hindrance to industrial development. The increasing facilities and occasions for travel are important agencies, but the majority of people never go away from home. Every progressive influence has some effect against provincial contentment, but is there no way to strike directly at the central and comprehensive evil itself? And what an evil it is!

If you have wondered why a land so fertile and so variously productive has not been more rapidly developed, you will find the reason in the provincialism of the people. If you have wondered why so much of the best blood and brains of the old Southern States continues to go to the more densely populated and less fertile lands of the West and Southwest, you will find the same explanation. For years the most enterprising of the old, formerly slave states, have been making efforts to attract immigrants, but the emigration from every one of them continues to exceed the immigration to them. There are in all these states opportunities for the investment of capital, opportunities similar to which in other states would yield dividends of 20 per cent., yet money remains in New York, Philadelphia and Boston eager to find safe investments at 3 per cent. And many southern men and journals express surprise. I have recently read the editorial columns of twenty of these surprised journals which constantly publish invitations to immigrants and money, and the explanation why men and money do not go there more willingly is betrayed in every one of them. In a single issue of these twenty journals I have counted thirty-nine recurrences of such phrases as "we of the South," "the South, etc.," "our Southern people," and so on. In Mr. Henry W. Grady's recent paper about the negro, in the *Century Magazine*, he writes repeatedly of the south as "she." A stranger who should read it would be pardonable for the inference that the south was a separate principality. Of course it is as easy as it is silly to be hypercritical, but it is not hypercritical to say that these tricks of phraseology show how deep and thorough, even unconsciously thorough, the provincial feeling is. Another illustration is the



humorous shrewdness of a tramp who last year fared sumptuously on his journey through Virginia and North Carolina, and perhaps through the other states, by assuring every Virginian housewife that he was a Virginian and every Carolinian housewife that he was a Carolinian. He simply used in his trade the old trick of the politicians. When a church happens to call a preacher, or a college elect a professor, in one of these states, there is always a feeling that a native must have the preference because he is a native. But there is no need to pile up illustrations of a fact that is so well known. It is the great southern peculiarity and hindrance, and the southern problem is to lift this burden of provincialism from the people. In politics it is well known and has shown itself as sectionalism. In society it is that morbid idea strengthened by tradition that there was no society but the old southern social life. In all the avenues of industry it shows itself as that stolid self-contentment and ignorant conservatism which resists change and discourages advancement. A man by whose door locomotives have passed for twenty years and who has never ridden on the cars (I know two such men), naturally considers a new fashion in plow-points a heresy, to say nothing of improved agricultural implements; and the advantages of manufactories he could never comprehend. It is this pent-up life—a life whose horizon is the fence of each man's own fields, or his county-line or his state-line or at furthest his "section"—that looks upon innovation as revolution, and is the prime hindrance of a capable people who possess a fertile and resourceful land.

The cause of this provincialism is of course largely political. The confederacy survives in it. The comradeship of the camp is a lasting bond of union, and fellowship in a losing cause makes strong ties. But it is also an inevitable result of an agricultural life. A man who has never felt the instigation of competition, who has no conception of modern labor-saving mechanical contrivances, who, in fact, has never seen a modern manufacturing establishment, lacks ingenuity to save time and labor, and values his hours too lightly. Of course he cannot be national in his thought. This natural tendency of southern life has been strengthened, too, by tradition. In the colonial times to the Virginians the sun seemed to rise out of the Chesapeake and to go down in the Valley, and they were *hoi barbaroi* who lived beyond the sun's setting place, in the later as well as the earlier years.

The southern people do not travel. Does this not hint of a possible remedy for this disease of provincialism? If a hundred intelligent farmers from any southern state were to spend a month on farms in Pennsylvania or Illinois, where they should see agricultural machinery, eat rare steaks, observe how butter is packed to be preserved, and how waste is prevented in the barnyard and in the kitchen, they would feel the delicious sensation of a new idea. Gradually they would confess that time may bring innovations that are not heresies before it digs graves for them, and they would understand why ambitious young life prefers progressive communities. Two-thirds even of the southern editors (it is a very conservative guess) have never spent a month outside their "section," except in hotels and places of business where they could not see how other people live or find out what other people think. The only class of southern folk that travels is the non-productive class—the pleasure-seekers, the merchants, the politicians. The mass of the people seldom go beyond the sound of their cow-bells. Yet it is these very people whose provincialism is the hindrance. The politicians and the like could not trade in this ultra-conservatism if it did not appeal successfully to the vanity of the masses.

The most direct and practicable plan to get rid of this hindering provincialism—which would be to solve the Southern problem—is to persuade them to go a-visiting—to go and see how their neighbors in other States live, not necessarily to take blind pattern after their neighbors, but to get new ideas and to receive suggestions, most of all to be rid of the vanity that provincialism breeds. What a moral gain it would be if a Georgia farmer could be convinced that the water in Pennsylvania is as clear and cool as the water of his own well! The leprous person in the Scriptures who asked if the rivers of his own land were not as wholesome as the Jordan was a man of provincial ideas after the Georgian's own heart. A little travel and a little sight-seeing are easy to do in these days, and they would have simply a revolutionizing influence on the masses of the Southern people. Why should excursions not be arranged for them? Your invalid in Michigan can go to Florida for half fare for half the year; but the Florida farmer cannot go to Michigan and return for less than twice as much money. The excursion-agent has done much for the enlightenment and the pleasure of people in other states. Europe has been seen by the poor, and the Yosemite valley is nearer the eastern excursionist than Niagara was a score of years ago. Why should not the pleasure-giving and broadening work of the excursion agent and of the railroad companies be exercised for the Southern people? If a hundred farmers and housewives, who could spare \$100

each, were to visit farms and manufacturing towns in the North and West—not hotels merely—their experience would be an object lesson that would teach them more than endless disputations about provincialism and sectionalism. A look beyond the barnyards of their daily vision would be incalculably suggestive to provincial eyes, and new ideas—concrete, definite, fundamental, plain—are the only corrective of the hereditary stagnation of Southern rural communities. There is no reason why such excursions northward should not be made. There are many men and women in every one of the old Southern States who would be glad to make such journeys, if they could be made inexpensively and if the notion were properly presented to them. Such excursions could even be made fashionable, and they would give a pleasant and not uninstructional experience to the visited as well as to the visitors.

The day has passed when anybody doubts the loyalty of the masses of the Southern people to the Union. In their purpose and in their hope they are national; but their lives have made them narrow. Their provincialism, however, burdensome as it is, is the soil wherein the finest fruit of patriotism may grow—the love of the earth and devotion to one's own home. If its morbidness were corrected it would become a virtue; and as a virtue it would be a stimulus to the better cultivation of the soil, and it would make the old home not only a good place to die but also a good place to live.

#### "HABET!"

HERE, in this dreadful desert-place;  
Shorn of the last shred of his tawdry dress,  
In utter and revolting nakedness—  
His dark, dead face,  
With the glazed horror of its sightless eyes  
Turned to the bright, ironic skies,  
Khartum's foul traitor lies!

What, Judas! Do thy pallid fingers clutch,  
Strained overmuch,  
The last red coin of thine accursed pay,  
More red than any gold that leaves the mine?  
Fate thrust it on thee, with a sudden sign,  
That seemed to sweep thy pestilent breath away.  
Thou hast not spoken,  
Nor has thy ghastly quietude been broken,  
Yea! hast not moved, nor spoken since that day!

O God! but see  
The wan face quiver fitfully;  
Doth some long swoon, or strange suspense of breath  
Simulate death?  
Nay! 'tis the shadow of a loathsome thing,  
The ravenous vulture's wing,  
Which for an instant flitting through the air,  
Swooping above the dead man's eyes and hair,  
Made life-like the gaunt features, frozen there!

"Habet!" "he has it!" the hot breezes say,  
Along their scornful way,  
And "habet!" from wild places, low or high,  
The stern, sardonic echoes make reply;  
And where corruption's first blue mist is wreathed  
About the corse, mark! mark! I pray,  
Above the sullen sand  
(How brightly fierce,  
Through that smart dust-cloud its quick flashes pierce  
As 'twere a rapier-blade unsheathed,  
And wielded by an unseen pitiless hand),  
One swift, sharp sunbeam lunge,  
Glitter and dart,  
As if it sought to plunge, and plunge, and plunge,  
Insatiate, to the traitor's throbless heart,  
And thus, beyond the spectre of a doubt,  
Let the last curdled drop of treachery out!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

<sup>1</sup>In this dramatic lyric it is imagined that the body of Chinese Gordon's betrayer was consigned to the birds and brutes of the desert.

## NEW JERSEY MARL-PITS.

THERE is nothing very attractive in a Jersey marl-pit to one uninterested in fossils or in plants. Such a pit is but an extensive hollow, lacking the depth and grandeur of a stone-quarry, its borders banks or low cliffs of greenish or blackish sand topped with gravel, its bottom a mixture of marsh and dirt-heap overgrown with vegetation. It is not the spot that would be chosen by the poet or the painter, yet it is full of interest, for it contains the record of a long era in the history of this planet. When the friable greenish material which is here dug out for use as a fertilizer was deposited, the sea rolled over what is now New Jersey. The land of gardens and grass fields, vines and pines, which now stretches from Amboy to Trenton and southward to Cape May, did not then exist. The older rocks of Pennsylvania and northern New Jersey were in their present position, but the eroding action of the constantly falling rains and running waters had not scooped them into hollows as picturesque as those which now diversify the country. Fishes not altogether unlike those which now exist, yet recognizably different; mollusks of various kinds; cuttle-fishes widely different from those now living; gastropods or univalves and lamellibranchiates or bivalves, mostly of families and even genera which still have many living members; brachiopods or arm-footed shell-bearing creatures; sea-urchins and other tribes of aquatic animals peopled the seas, while great reptiles of various kinds were the tyrants of sea and land. The brachiopods are mostly extinct, the great reptiles have all passed out of existence, but sea-urchins very closely related to those of the marls and kindred beds still live in our seas. In that far-off cretaceous age when the marls were deposited there were no mammals, —no warm-blooded and air-breathing animals—their place was occupied by cold-blooded air-breathers, gigantic saurians, many of which almost equaled the elephant in bulk, though none seem to have approached the whale. As mammals increased, reptiles declined, until in the present age all are small save a few serpents and the crocodiles—the last probably direct descendants of the cretaceous crocodiles. But the mosasaurs, and other huge reptilian beasts which inhabited the ocean, and the hadrosaurus, diclonius, laelaps, and others which haunted the marshes, have vanished completely, leaving as a record of their existence only a few skeletons or fragments of skeletons which chanced to be so covered over that they were preserved from decay. All this and much more has been learned from the marl pits and from other beds in Europe and in the far west of America.

Only a very small part of all this can be learned from a single trip to the pits, yet to take such a trip, to unearth with one's own hand a shell, the vertebra of a shark, the cast of the guard of a belemnite, or the spines of a sea-urchin, is to realize the truth of that long-past history more vividly than books can bring it before us. A large part of the green sand or marl (as it is miscalled, for true marl is clay and lime) is composed of a mineral known as glauconite which exists as little pellets. By the use of the microscope the shapes of a large number of tiny shells can be made out. They are not the shells themselves—only casts of them. The shells have been dissolved away, but not until the hollow chamber once occupied by the jelly-like organism which made them had been filled by glauconite, the materials of which exist in sea water. The cretaceous sea therefore, like the present one, was full of what are called foraminifera, living bits of jelly, without mouth or stomach as well as without heart or nerves, yet capable of secreting a shelly covering of carbonate of lime, and able to take food by means of jelly feet thrown out for the purpose. The marl contains much phosphatic material, probably derived largely from the decomposition of bone—the bones of reptiles and fishes. For bone is more destructible than shell, and thus the molluscous remains are most common.

Mullica Hill is not a marl pit, but it is a natural exposure of cretaceous beds, and is capped by a layer consisting almost entirely of shells which, though evidently oysters, are unlike any oyster now living. One kind is very large, much twisted, and ribbed; the other smooth and deep. Other shells can be found. A party of about twenty anxious students, armed with trowels and fingers, and using their eyes well, succeeded in finding about as many species, some of them in comparative abundance. The most common finds were the cast of the internal shell of the cuttle-fish, *Belemnites micronata*; the sea-snails *Natica abissina* and *Natica halli*, the wing-shell *Rostellaria pinnata*, generally without its broadly-projecting lip, and the oysters aforesaid; while the greatest rarity found was a large *Voluta conradi*; which was exhumed by a sharp-eyed young school teacher. At Stratton's pits the character of the fossils was different. The shell-bed, newer than that of Mullica Hill, was made up almost entirely of an oyster and a terebratula, while the layer next above yielded the spines of sea-urchins of the genera *cidaris salenia*, and

tubes of a terebrato. The terebrato or shipworm of those ancient days had no ships nor extensive wharves of piles in which to luxuriate, and must have bored into other substances. In another pit fragments of sharks, vertebrae were found. It is not given to every one to disinter a crocodile or a hadrosaurus, so with these fossils, and with a lump of genuine cretaceous lignite, a remnant of the swamp-forest of that far-away time, the geologists, young and old, returned well contented.

Existing life, as well as fossil, could be studied on the trip. The cock-spur thorn (*Crataegus Crus-galli*) bloomed by the roadside; the bird's-foot violet made blue patches on the banks, the dog-wood blossomed in the copses, and in one spot a bunch of the showy blue lupine (*Lupinus perennis*) tempted a lover of flowers out of the wagon. One of the most interesting sights was the crowd of bank swallows, that hovered around the top of every pit, flying in and out of their resting holes dug deep into the grave of a later age which over lies the cretaceous strata.

W. N. LOCKINGTON.

## METEOROLOGICAL BIRDS.

A few years since, Prof. Alfred Newton, of Cambridge, in England, put forth the proposition that among migratory birds there were erratic movements of appearance and disappearance in particular localities which "if they possess any periodicity at all possess a periodicity of cycles, and are most likely dependent in the main on cycles of the weather." He goes on to say that of a foreign species of bird the ornithologist may fairly predict that within a given term of years so many examples of its appearance will occur in a particular part of Great Britain, whether the bird be American or Asiatic. But he cannot say at what date or on what year the phenomenon will take place. At present its occurrence is purely a question of averages. For instance, the parts of England in which these occasional visitors are most frequently found, are at Land's End, and in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. So far as American species are concerned, there are shore birds, (*Limu colæ*), which are wont to prolong their migrations far to the north, and examples of them occur on the coasts of Ireland and Norway. Feeding along the beach they make their way from shore to shore to the places where they come under observation.

Professor Newton regrets that there are so few interested and intelligent students of ornithology in Norway and Ireland to mark the arrival and designate the species of these stranger visitors, but thinks their appearance may be accounted for by their being storm-beaten, and so driven from their usual track. Now there is a line of low barometrical pressure extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, during the summer, to Land's End and the Scager Rack, along which the prevalent winds are westerly. When the winds rush in with violence upon this belt and so create a storm violent enough to carry birds out of their customary route and cast them on foreign shores, that movement is compensated by a rush of wind from another quarter. The movement of cyclones up from the Gulf of Mexico is directly dependent on this line of low pressure in the northern latitudes, and it is perhaps not altogether fanciful that the alighting of an American shore-bird on the Irish coast might presage the weather on our Atlantic coast, or even in the Mississippi valley. Whether the movements of the winds would not be so much more rapid than the flight of birds as to deprive the latter of all meteorological significance to us, is a matter yet to be proved. But in Great Britain the arrival of the bird would be the precursor of winds about to become prevalent there.

Thus is briefly indicated a curious line of research which would give a practical turn to the study of the distribution and habits of the feathered tribe. The old belief in auguries might possibly be restored and put upon a scientific basis. Of course there is a large class of migrations which must be counted out of this problem. The sea-fowl are said to visit their breeding places by the almanac, no matter what the state of the weather on that day. There are others also who profess to be able to give the day of the month when the redbreast, or the thrush, or the oriole will put in an appearance. Mr. John Burroughs, that famous lover of the woodland songsters and delicious gossip about them, knows just when to look for the wren or the bobolink in his garden. And yet the return of our summer birds is not always as precise as the almanac. The swallow and the robin are sometimes behind with their engagements. However, in a broad way the migrations of birds do betoken general weather changes, by the correspondence of their movements with the seasons. The croak of the wild-geese overhead in the autumn is the herald of biting cold, for he is one of the last of birds to take his southward journey. And although "a single swallow does not make a spring," several of them are a fair indication that the frost is out of the ground.

Among seamen the action of birds has always been held significant, as in the very name "stormy petrel," and when Mother Carey's chickens are abroad old Æolus has tied a knot in his



leathern bag. In the curious old journal where Captain Bligh describes the mutiny of the seamen on His Majesty's ship, the "Bounty," the unfortunate commander says of his voyage across the Indian Ocean: "The approach of strong southerly winds is announced by many birds of the albatross or petrel tribe, and the abatement of the gale, or a shift of the wind to the northward by their keeping away." Nor is it at sea alone that the duller senses of man may profit by those of the birds. Long before a storm bursts upon the woodland the feathered songsters will have grown mute in their retreats, and their carolings will begin before the clouds have rolled away and denote the cessation of the rain. But these are rather interesting than particularly useful observations. The forecast is not timely enough to serve the farmer, and is too local for general service.

The point of scientific interest concerns the erratic migrations of birds, rather than their customary movements. Of their customary movements Dr. Von Mindendorff has made a study in Russia, wherein he has drawn lines like the isotherms on a map, which he called "isepipteses," to indicate the range of flight at particular days of several different species of birds. The conclusion to which such research seemed to point was that, as these lines ran towards the Siberian magnetic pole, the birds were influenced by terrestrial magnetism. But that view has been overthrown by Professor Spencer F. Baird, who can find no sign of such influence in the flight of American birds.

But there are some birds which do not wholly migrate. Sometimes the robin will winter near his breeding home. When, however, all these lingerers disappear, it is an indication that a sharp winter is locking up their supplies of food. Again, what is more to the purpose, the routes of many species of birds are perfectly well known. If their movements are dependent on severe or cyclical changes of the weather, then in these days of electricity, their departures could be telegraphed from north to south, or south to north, and thus give premonitions of the breaking up of the seasons.

As for the occasional and exceptional appearance of strange birds in any locality, much depends on having first settled definitely the law of their distribution. Next, to discover the secret of their conduct requires closer study than has yet been given to it. The observers are too few and concentrated. But it is by no means clear that meteorological influences do not explain many feathered phenomena, and if so our weather bulletins may yet take the poetic form of announcing at times the coming and the going of the birds.

D. O. K.

## REVIEWS.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: An Attempt to Ascertain the Best Method of Discussing the Topics of International Law. By J. K. Stephen, B. A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Macmillan. 1884.

THE modest preparatory note advises the readers that this is a revision of an essay submitted by the writer when he was a candidate for a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. The introduction, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Justice Stephen, K. C. S. I., is a very filial confession that the book was inspired by the father's discussion of international law in his history of the criminal law of England. It is an application and extension of the rule laid down there, that many of the topics of international law are proper subjects for real laws, which can be enforced by civilized governments in places and against persons outside their normal jurisdiction. In the first part of the essay there is a criticism of the theory of an international law *per se*, and a general denial of the existence of any science of international relations: the second part undertakes to show what international law would be, if it were established on the foundation of positive law. An analytical table of topics is placed at the end of the first part as an index to the discussion and order of argument of the second. This part is also a sort of destruction and negation of existing doctrines and text books, as a preparation for the adoption of laws of international import to be administered and enforced by local courts as part of the law of the land. As an essay it is of interest, but as the forerunner of an elaborate work on international law it is a kind of pledge which all who honor the name the writer bears will gladly see fulfilled, as another contribution to the literature bearing their name.

The Stephens, indeed, may well take their place with the Coleidges, the Taylors and the Darwins, or any other families in which literary activity has been a distinguishing hereditary mark. Sir Fitzjames Stephen, to whom this essay is dedicated by his son the writer, is far better known here by his History of Criminal Law and his other legal works, than by his ethical and literary writings, yet so far back as the date of "Essays and Reviews" and the later series of Oxford and Cambridge essays, he was distinguished by his contributions, while his papers from the Saturday Review were

frequent and important enough to supply material for more than one volume. His stay in India as the legal member of council, the place once filled by Mackintosh and Macaulay, and afterwards by Maine, made him famous as the author of an Indian code, which in turn pointed him out as the fittest man to share in the preparation of a criminal code for Great Britain. It was no small credit to both the Tory minister and the Whig lawyer that the former put the latter on the bench as a reward for highest unpartisan services. Sir Fitzjames' literary reputation has been overshadowed by his greater achievements as a law reformer and as a judge, and by the activity as a professional man of letters of his brother, Mr. Leslie Stephen. An older son of the judge, however, has a place on the title page of the Criminal Law, and a daughter has written a capital little history of France for children, in which the name on the title page does not at all betray her own. Both Leslie and Fitzjames have taken their special lines in life as well as in authorship, and a sister, Miss Emilia Stephen, has also had a characteristic share in the organization and discussion of Protestant sisterhoods, on which her book is still valuable for reference.

These are the three children of that Sir James Stephen who is known in literature by his lectures on French history, and by his essays on ecclesiastical and church history,—the latter a reprint of some of his contributions to the leading reviews of his day; the former of the lectures he delivered at Cambridge as professor of history. He is grown now himself to be almost an historical person, for he figures in various lights in the biographies, letters, and diaries of the men of his time; somewhat faintly, but more pleasantly than usual, in Sir Henry Taylor's good-natured autobiography—Taylor was a subordinate, honored and respected, but still never in authority, in the colonial office, where Sir James Stephen reigned so supremely that he was oftenest called "King James;" and less agreeably in Trevelyan's Macaulay, owing to the common relationship between Macaulay's father, Zachary, and Stephen's father, the "Master" Stephen, brother-in-law of Wilberforce, all of them laboring together in the great anti-slavery cause. The Greville and Crabbe-Robinson memoirs speak rather slightly of Stephen in his days of power in the colonial office, but Taylor's description of the man, his voluble discourse, his impatience of discussion, his faults and his great merits, may well serve as the last and best picture of one who not only did good work himself, but was the original stirrer of a race of such vigorous workers as his sons and his grandsons. Sir Henry Taylor tells the story of the sharp retort made by Sir Fitzjames Stephen—but characteristically without giving his name,—at Dundee, when he was defeated for parliament by Jenkins of "Jink's Baby" fame. Stephen, then plain and very downright Mr. Stephen, abruptly declined answering foolish questions at the hustings, and roughly asked in return if the people thought he had come down from London to talk to every fool according to his folly. He lost no votes by his speech.

In that saddest of books, the "Memoirs of Mark Pattison," in which blame is so lavishly and praise so sparingly distributed, Leslie Stephen comes in for kindly mention. This could hardly have arisen from any community of ecclesiastical notions on theology, for Pattison reserved for posthumous publication his curious views of church doctrines, while Stephen long since unfrocked himself that he might move freely in the widening circle of his own liberal opinions. There was a mutual direction in their studies, for Stephen seems to have anticipated Pattison in his "History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century," while he enlisted Pattison in the admirable series of men of letters and secured from him capital contributions. The fearlessness of the Stephens in their literary undertakings is exhibited by this young barrister in his promise of a great work in which he will reconstruct the whole system of international law, and in another way by the announcement of Leslie Stephen's great biographical dictionary, of which the first volumes have already appeared. In his encyclopædic zeal he is likely to expose himself and to lose his identity, and that to any man of the temperament of the Stephens' is no small sacrifice. Readers of Alpine club books will easily recall the energy both Leslie and Fitzjames, then in the flush and heyday of their vigorous youth, threw into their contributions. Now their sons are likely to be their successors in the new fields of labor, and whether in law, in letters, in science, in theology or in politics, the younger generation may be counted on to transmit the virile intellectual power of the race to future Stephens of all schools.

DIE MEDIZIN DER TALMUDISTEN NEST EINER ANHANGE DIE ANTHROPOLOGIE DER ALTEN HEBRAEER. Von Dr. Josef Bergel. Leipzig und Berlin: Wilhelm Friedrich. 1885.

The superior skill of the Jewish physicians of the Middle Ages is attested by the eagerness with which their services were sought after by the grandees of Europe, even in kingdoms where at other times their presence was barely tolerated. That the germs of this



development should be found in the Talmud, a faithful mirror of the Jewish thought of centuries, is but natural to expect. Side by side stand the scientist's prescription and the popular remedy, the latter possessing an importance not very much greater than is awarded to it in this enlightened age. Jewish medical lore, our author thinks, is so much superior to that of Rome or Persia, the best in their day, that he concludes it to be a native development originally taught in the prophetic schools. Coming from the unknown to the known we have first a list of the physicians of the Talmud, together with the cures for which they were famous, brief accounts of hygiene (though in this department too little stress is laid on the excellent Mosaic sanitary legislation) and pathology, and a list of the diseases known at the time with their remedies. Hyrtl, the eminent anatomist of Vienna, and Rabinowicz, a Paris physician, have preceded our author in this department, but his work, is, by its arrangement, of special advantage to the student of the Talmud. Strangely enough, Dr. Bergel, like his predecessors, has overlooked an interesting fact in this connection. In treatise *Bechoroth* (45 a) it is related that a certain disreputable woman was condemned to be burnt, but that her body was given to the pupils of Rabbi Ishmael, who discovered that a woman's body contains 252 and not 248 bones (in this count the teeth are included.) The meaning of the verb used in this case (stem *sh...e.g.*), is not quite certain. Rabbi Nathan, and Levy, the ancient and the modern lexicographers, agree that it means to cut up or dissect. Rashi the celebrated commentator, and Prof. Fleischer the great Arabic scholar, doubt this, the latter however mainly on the assumption that dissection was never practised among the Hebrews. The context as well as the comparison of the word with an analogous Assyrian stem would seem to support the former view. At all events a careful study of this question would no doubt have suggested to Dr. Bergel some new lines of thought. The only fault to be found with the anthropological part, which contains an interesting collection of myths, is its extreme brevity.

C. A.

POLITICAL EVOLUTION: OR, FROM POVERTY TO COMPETENCE. By C. A. Washburn, author of "History of Paraguay," "Gomery of Montgomery," "Philip Thaxter," etc. Pp. viii., 301. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Washburn was our minister to Paraguay in the troublous times which wrecked that strange republic. Since his return home, he has been engaged partly in general literary work, and partly in the sociological study of the general field, but especially of the United States. Papers which appeared from time to time in various periodicals have given some indication of the quality and the direction of his work. The present book may be said to sum up his ideas as to the political wants and future of our own country. It was not unnatural that an intelligent American, who had watched the nation created by the Jesuit missions in South America, and had seen it sacrificed to the selfish ambition of a cruel sensualist—the last Lopez—should be set a-thinking as to the laws which govern the natural growth of his own and similar countries. And he has shown a laudable desire to conduct his studies in the light of the best aids furnished by our modern literature. The writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer seem to have furnished him with more suggestions than any other.

In the field of sociology all writers are evolutionists, and have been such for centuries. Vico, Herder, Le Maistre, Hegel were evolutionists before Darwin, and even before Laplace. But the sociologists have something to learn from the scientific evolutionists. There are subtle analogies between the upbuilding of the body politic and that of physical organism. Especially the observation that the perfection of process is when process becomes instinctive and automatic, contains a profound lesson for political thinkers. The English squire, who never knew he had a constitution, was a type of a perfectly organized state. And those parts of our political and social system which are truly established are those which work without friction or even conscious reflection. It is this point on which Mr. Washburn insists constantly, and he points out the noisy and disturbed parts of the political machine as those in which we have not got—as Mr. Matthew Arnold says of us—institutions thoroughly adapted to our wants.

Thus the presidency is a place of friction and disturbance. We select our judges easily and naturally by a system of promotions from lower to higher rank, which is conditioned solely by personal and professional merit. We jerk the president into office sometimes at a bound. He frequently is selected because of success in some other field, which gives no promise of his ability as a civil executive. We throw the whole nation into jar and confusion in the process of selecting him. In Mr. Washburn's opinion the principle presented by the electoral college, as it existed in the mind of the authors of the Constitution, should have been amplified, instead of being allowed to become dormant. We need just

such arrangements as that to sift out the most competent man of the district, and that these may sift out of their own number the most competent of the state, and these again the most competent in the nation, to whom its executive power shall be entrusted. By that method we shall secure a government which is popular in its origin, is the expression of the best will and self of the nation, and yet is free from the element of jerk and friction, which at present endangers our political system.

The idea is not exactly new, although Mr. Washburn's claim that it corresponds to our methods in some departments is novel. It was suggested by John Milton in his "Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth," just before the Restoration of Charles II. It was embodied by the Abbé Sieyès in the constitution he prepared for France, so far as the election of the national legislature is concerned, and Lanfry in his "Life of Napoleon" is not complimentary to either the plan or its author.

Another point of jar and friction Mr. Washburn finds in our land system, combined with our system of taxation. He suggests a graduated land tax, falling upon corporations equally with individuals. He would lay no other direct tax than this, and ultimately—when the protective policy shall have done its work—no other tax whatever. In this way he hopes to break up large landed properties, discourage the consolidation of railroads, and put a check to the formation of such monopolies as the people may justly complain of. In this proposal we find ourselves much more in agreement than with his Miltonic plan for sifting out a grand council of the nation. Indeed it is to us a wonder that it has not been done already throughout the country, as we think it once was done in part of the West. It would be the end of the bonanza farms and other abuses, which threaten very serious consequences.

There are many other suggestions in the book, which will repay consideration. These are the two which struck us most, and which the author seems to have most at heart. It is the work of an earnest American, who has given his best thoughts to the greatest concerns of his country.

R. E. T.

DOWN THE RAVINE. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

This book is a "juvenile" professedly, and it is no service to the author to treat it as anything but a child's book, or at least a book for young people. We say this because other claims have been made for it—mistaken claims as we have to believe. "Down the Ravine" tells the old story of a boy suffering under the weight of an unjust charge of crime, a device that was old when "Lazy Lawrence" was a new thing. Miss Murfree's little tale does not approach the vigor and variety of Miss Edgeworth's story, but a parallel between them is more than once suggested. The other leading incident in "Down the Ravine"—a discovery of gold which proves to be "fool's gold"—iron pyrites—we never see the name but to think of Bret Harte's "Iron Pirate"—also labors under a want of freshness. To be sure, it is hard to be fresh in this age of universal writing; but Miss Murfree owes something to the exceptionally sudden favor with which she has been received by the reading world—she should work very hard to deserve and maintain that favor, but "Down the Ravine," though pleasant reading enough, has evidently caused its author no trouble of invention. One touch of fine talent must be exempt from this general judgment. The relationship between the young hero of the tale and his hardly more than baby sister is very touching, and a new incident in story-telling. The Cumberland mountain dialect may be strictly correct but its unceasing use becomes tiresome. There is an art, in which Mr. Harte and Mr. Cable excel, in suggesting the natural speech of their characters without continuously employing it. Miss Murfree should extend her studies in that direction also.

AT THE RED GLOVE. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

This is a very pretty story. It does not deal with profound problems or intricate and rarefied emotions. There is very little mixing up of the elements of character—the good are quite good, and the villains, (in this case represented by one villainess), quite bad. It is a simple story of life in the Swiss town of Berne. The characters are few in number, only five being at all prominent, and they are drawn with a firm and strong, if not very delicate, touch. There is no intricate or startling plot, but the story flows along with a smooth pleasant current of its own, and is thoroughly readable throughout. The little touches of Swiss life and scenery add greatly to its interest.

The heroine, *Marie*, enlists our sympathy at the start and keeps it to the end. We are not sure, after all, but that the honest, kind-hearted, ridiculous *Captain* would have made her a better husband in the end than the shadowy, vacillating *Rudolf*, and yet the young *Rudolf*, in love with love itself before he is quite



sure of its object, is a very natural person. In *Mme. Carouge* the old problem of a woman whose love is not returned, yet who is still womanly and lovable, is quite successfully treated.

"At the Red Glove" is published anonymously, and if it be a first novel it is certainly a very promising one; there is so little creaking of machinery in it, and it is so straightforward and honest. But it does not read as if written by the pen of a novice. In either case we congratulate the author, and trust that he will write another book which will retain all the simplicity and directness of style of this, and will add to it greater depth in the particular of strong characters, treated broadly and truly.

B. C. P.

## BRIEFER NOTICES.

AN enthusiastic worker amongst rural surroundings, now passed into the fields that are on the farther shore, wrote, a good many years ago, a capital little book called "Ten Acres Enough," in which he painted so attractively the possibilities of such a tract of farm-land that he drew a great company of imitators after him. One of these was that genial sportsman, Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York City, who sometime later followed Mr. Morris with another book, which he named "Five Acres Too Much," detailing in it his rural life experiences in a very animated manner. A new edition of it, just brought out by the O. Judd Co., New York, will no doubt be enjoyed by many readers. Mr. Roosevelt sees the comic side of things, and paints it with a broad brush, yet there is a good deal more than merely shallow humor in his book.

Mr. Josiah B. Smith, of Newtown, Pa., has published an interesting genealogical volume, relating to the descendants of Robert Smith, of Makefield, in Bucks County, who was settled there at least as early as 1719, when he married Phebe Canby, daughter of Thomas and Sarah. The family is large, and connected by marriage with many other families of southeastern Pennsylvania,—the names of Ely, Lloyd, Betts, Carver, Beans, Paxson, Good, Atkinson, Heston, Walton, Twining, Longshore, Trego, Buckman, Simpson, Eastburn, appearing amongst the large number. It must be remarked that it was Robert Smith's two grandsons, Robert and Joseph, who, in May, 1800, received a patent for what is claimed on their behalf to be "the first plow ever made with an iron mould-board." The mould-board was designed by Joseph Smith, who took his pattern to the foundry of Charles Newbold, near Camden, N. J., where the casting was made. The patent of Jethro Wood for an iron mould-board was not issued until 1819, so that the precedence of the Smith brothers in this particular seems indisputable.

"Colonel Enderby's Wife," by Lucas Malet, (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is an especially strong and thoughtful novel. Some of the English critical journals are disposed to think that this author—Lucas Malet is believed to be the pen-name for a Mrs. Harrison, who is said further to be a daughter of Charles Kingsley,—has the ability to equal the best of contemporary novelists, male or female. There is reason for the opinion, though much depends on industry and sense of vocation. But it is a simple fact that, with health and ambition, the author of such a well-developed and strongly-written novel as "Colonel Enderby's Wife" may reasonably hope to rank high among artists in fiction. The book tells the story of a heartless woman who wrecks the life of a trusting middle-aged husband—not by vulgar crime, but by mere heartlessness and selfishness. If the subject appears trite it is the baldness of this statement that makes it so. It is anything but trite, being strikingly original, passionate and impressive.

To keep up an even average of excellence in a series of short tales is not an easy thing to do, and it is no discredit to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s "Tales from Many Sources" that they emphasize the rule. It has to be said that the fourth volume of the "Tales" does not equal the interest of its predecessors. The best thing in it is the "Ten Years Tenant" by Messrs. Besant and Rice,—one of the best pieces of work, we judge, of that talented literary firm. It is very clever, and if the volume throughout was up to the same mark it would be the best of the four. Wilkie Collins and James Payn are represented, but not especially to their credit. "Bones," by A. Conan Doyle, is a very violent imitation of the American frontier story, with Australia for the scene. We are pleased to learn that authorship credit is given in each instance in this volume of the "Tales."

## AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A volume of poems by Victor Hugo, translated by several English writers, is in the press of George Bell & Co., London.—Mrs. C. I. Filley, wife of the St. Louis politician of that name, is reported to be the author of several popular anonymous novels.—The six brochures published by Messrs. Blackwood, of which "New Gleanings

from Gladstone" was the first, are reported to have reached an aggregate sale of a quarter of a million copies.

Prince Bismarck's want of interest in German literature, is made the subject of a paper in the *Berliner Monatshefte für Literatur, Kritik und Theater*, a new monthly magazine. The writer thinks this trait is neatly illustrated in a letter Bismarck once wrote to his wife, bidding her send him "a novel to read," neither the author nor the character of the novel being mentioned.

Mr. Joseph Gillow, a Lancashire genealogist and antiquary, has been engaged for some time past on the task of compiling a "Literary and Biographical History, or Bibliographical Dictionary, of the English Catholics, from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the Present Time." The work is to consist of five large volumes.

A novelty in book publishing is "The Directory of the Antiquarian Booksellers and Dealers in Second-Hand Books of the United States," compiled and published by C. N. Caspar, Milwaukee. The "Directory" contains the addresses of all dealers in old books in the country, with notes on the specialties of the trade of certain houses, as well as a second list, arranging the same addresses by states and towns. It is a book that obviously will be of much use to numbers of people.

"A History of Detroit and Michigan," by Silas Farmer, has been published by the author at Detroit. It is claimed that "in range of subject and fulness of treatment it is the most complete local history ever published in America." It is sold only by subscription.

Dr. Peabody, so long the revered college pastor at Harvard, is enjoying a hale old age in congenial literary pursuits. His "Baccalaureate Sermons" recently published by D. Lothrop & Co., is having a remarkable sale.

The Boston publishers are already sending to the trade announcements as to what they propose to offer for the holiday season. D. Lothrop & Co., among other fine books will offer "Heroines of the Poets," "Stabat Mater" and "The Old Arm-Chair" with illustrations specially designed by Lungren, Hassam, Miss Humphrey and others.

The third instalment of Mr. Leslie Stephen's great work, "The Dictionary of National Biography" is about ready in London.—The London *Athenæum* says that General Gordon's Diary will be published almost intact. Sir Henry Gordon, the editor, has struck out but a very few passages, which in his opinion are of no general interest.—"Scotus Novanticus," the *nom de plume* of the author of two recent philosophical works which have made impressions in Europe, "Metaphysica Nova en Vetasta" and "The Ethics of Reason," is understood to be Prof. Lawrie of Edinburgh.

Nikolai Ivanovitch Kostomarov, who recently died at the age of about sixty-eight, ranks among the foremost historians of Russia. He rivaled Karamzin in artistic skill and animation of style, and was inferior only to Solovieff in vastness and soundness of research. He was a man of poetic gifts, a south-Russian by birth and spirit, and intensely religious.

It was anticipated that the Queen's new book, "The Speeches and Addresses of the late Duke of Albany," would have been ready for issue next month. But the disturbed condition of the political horizon has caused Her Majesty to lay aside reading the proof sheets till a more convenient season, so that in all probability the little volume will not be ready this season, but will be issued early in the autumn.

"The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences," by the late William Kingdon Clifford, is the title of the latest issue in "The International Scientific Series." This is the fiftieth volume in this valuable and important series of scientific books, a series projected by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and published in New York and London, and in the form of translations in the principal continental cities.

John Wentworth Sanborn, of Batavia, N. Y., sends the press advance sheets of a "Hymnal in the Seneca Indian Language," of which he is the compiler. It will contain about 200 small pages when completed, and will show Mr. Sanborn in various roles—namely, as translator, compiler, printer and publisher. He is not a native Indian himself, but is by adoption a member of the Seneca tribe, in which he is known as O-vo-ga-weh (Clear-Sky).

J. H. Ferguson, minister of the Netherlands in China, is issuing a manual of international law for the use of navies, colonies and consulates.—"An Old Maid's Paradise" is the title of a new book by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., describing summer life in a seaside town of Massachusetts.—The author of "Vice Versa" styles his new book ("The Tinted Venus") a "farical romance," and from all accounts very properly, since in strange and grotesque invention it equals "Vice Versa," if it does not outdo it.

William Wood & Co. make the important announcement that they will publish a translation of Professor Ziemssen's "Hand-book of General Therapeutics," a work comprising seven volumes, which will be issued at short intervals, the first volume being now ready. It is stated that this series of volumes is the first work of the kind published in any language. Each part, written by a German authority eminent in his own department of practice, forms a treatise complete in itself.



Schrader's well-known work on the Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament has been translated into English by Rev. O. C. Whitehouse. Volume I. has just appeared from the press of Williams & Norgate of London.

A New York daily newspaper, discussing the market price of short stories, says: "Among the prices paid to authors for their work, the most generous offer is \$500 by the *Atlantic Monthly* for the best short story. Frank R. Stockton's price for 3000 or 4000 words is \$250. Mr. Trowbridge receives \$50 per thousand words. There are, in fact, four scales of prices now paid for short stories. The first is \$10 or \$15 for a complete story, paid by the smaller magazines; the second is \$10 a thousand words by the popular monthly publications; the third is \$15 a thousand words to writers who have acquired some degree of reputation. The fourth varies with the fame of the author. Howells or 'Mark Twain' will produce no story or article of any kind for less than \$500 or \$1000. The most difficult author to induce to write is T. B. Aldrich. He once received \$1200 for a short poem in *Harper's Magazine*. His price is from \$300 to \$400 for a poem of a few verses."

George Rex Graham, whose name is familiar as the founder of *Graham's Magazine*, once a very popular periodical, is now in the New York Ophthalmic Hospital, for cataract on the eye, and is to be operated upon before long. Mr. Graham is old, and his health is impaired, so that the operation has been delayed, but it is now thought he will be able to recover his sight, as he is much stronger. Besides other literary enterprises, Mr. Graham bought the *North American* and the *United States Gazette* and incorporated them into one.

The new book by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland, proves to be a volume of essays on historical, ethical and theological subjects. The bulk of it has been finished a long while, no opportunity having until this time offered for its publication. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, have now undertaken it, and the degree of interest felt in it by the public will be very different from what there would have been two years ago.

Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" was sold by the author to the Paris publisher, Renduel, for a trifling sum, Hugo undertaking at the same time to give the same publisher for a like price the next two volumes of prose which he might write. "Notre Dame de Paris" was a success by which M. Renduel made a large profit. Hugo then proposed to modify the engagement, but M. Renduel would not hear of any alteration in its terms, and for thirty years no prose work issued from Hugo's pen. When at last, after the lapse of this long period, "Les Misérables" appeared, the poet paid an indemnity of 8000 francs to M. Renduel, in consideration of which he consented to waive his claims. Hugo received these sums from the firm of Lacroix Verboekhoven for several of his works: "Les Misérables," 350,000 francs; "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," 150,000 francs; "Chansons des Rues et Bois," 40,000 francs; "Shakespeare," 40,000 fr.; and "L'Homme qui Rit," 200,000 francs.

Wm. S. Gottsberger, New York, has just issued "Matilda, Princess of England," by Madame Sophie Cottin, author of the "Exiles of Siberia."—Roberts Brothers have just ready a desirable indexed catalogue of their publications.—Dr. Schliemann intends going to Florida for the benefit of his health.—Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have received from George Macdonald the first instalment of the MS. of a new story called "What's Mine is Mine."

This item of literary gossip has been extensively quoted:—"Mr. Tennyson has changed his publishers about half-a-dozen times within the same number of years, in order to reap amplified profits from his copyrights. He is now a man of large wealth." Appleton's *Literary Bulletin* makes the following conclusive rejoinder:—"Mr. Tennyson has certainly not changed his publishers more than once or twice in a half-dozen years. Macmillan & Co. are now his publishers; for a long time Kegan, Paul & Co. and their predecessors, King & Co., gave their imprimatur to his books. He received from his former publishers the stipulated sum of five thousand pounds a year, whether he published anything new or not. It is not stated what his terms are with his present publishers."

The 19th volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will follow very closely on the 18th; it is about ready.—The circulation of the *North American Review* under the management of Mr. Thorndike Rice is said to have reached 30,000 copies. Mr. Rice has certainly made the *Review* very valuable and readable.—Miss Braddon has a new tale ready with the suggestive title, "Cut by the County;" it will appear serially in a number of English provincial papers.

In connection with the biography of William Lloyd Garrison, which is now being written by his sons, it is mentioned that reference was found in his papers to certain letters on the abolition movement which Mr. James Russell Lowell contributed to an English journal many years ago. These letters appeared in the *London Daily News* in the year 1846.

Miss Mary M. Brooks and Miss Anne Ashby Agge have just completed ten drawings of the old town of Marblehead which are to be published immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They are issued in portfolio style under the title of "Marblehead Sketches."

The Berlin *Tageblatt* announces that Goethe's manuscript diary from 1777 to 1832 has been discovered among his grandson's papers. This would be a literary sensation of the first magnitude if it should be verified and the manuscript brought to the printer.

The Johns Hopkins University Circular for June contains the programme in Semitic Languages for 1885-86. The department is under the charge of Prof. Paul Haupt, the eminent Assyriologist, and offers a full course in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Assyrian, Babylonian, Sumerian and Akkadian. The course is without question the most thorough and complete offered at any American university, and suffers nothing in comparison with those of Germany.

The American Publication Society of Hebrew announce for publication in September an Assyrian manual by Prof. D. G. Lyon of Harvard.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### FRIENDS, AND MISSION WORK AMONGST THE DELAWARE INDIANS.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:

D<sup>R.</sup> BRINTON, in his volume, "The Lenape and their Legends," recently reviewed in your columns, seems to reflect upon the early Quaker colonists of Pennsylvania for not making persistent and systematic efforts to convert the Indians to the Christian religion. He remarks that William Penn, when here on his second visit in 1701, made some attempts to address them on religious subjects, as did also John Richardson who was with him, but that these efforts not being followed up the effect was ephemeral.

The fact is that the early Friends took an entirely different view of the Indians from that commonly held by the European colonists. In New England they were regarded as heathen and barbarians, but the Friends, recognizing, as by their religious principles they were bound to do, a common brotherhood of mankind, ascribed to the natives qualities and characteristics that raised them very much above the condition of heathendom. The religious conceptions which the Indians had, and especially their acknowledgment of communion with a Great Spirit, commended them to the Friends as people who, though in need of elevation and civilization, were by no means condemned to everlasting punishment because of their unacquaintance with the Westminster Catechism. In all Penn's descriptions of the Indians, and in the different accounts given by the early settlers of intercourse with them, the uniform tone is one of kindly and considerate feeling, signifying an estimate altogether above and entirely different from that which presumed them to be a race consigned to perdition for want of a knowledge of the Christian theology. So far as the early history of Pennsylvania,—say to the day of William Penn's death,—is concerned, it exhibits the intercourse between the Indians and the whites as that of Christians on both sides, the former acting out the precepts of the Master as if they had been patiently and laboriously taught the precise language of the gospels.

This explains, perhaps, why the Friends did not immediately undertake, in a more systematic way, to "convert" the natives; but, besides, it seems scarcely worth while, in the light of all the facts of history, to formulate a criticism of any sort upon the early Friends with reference to their Indian policy. When it is considered what burdens the Quaker colonists bore on account of their peace principles, how they were abused upon every side for endeavoring to protect the Indians, how during the trying times of the French and Indian War they struggled to maintain unbroken a rule of justice and fairness towards the natives, how committees of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting repaired to the treaty places and endeavored to keep the Indians sober, (e. g., Teedyuscung, at Easton, in 1756), in order that they might not be cheated out of their lands,—when this, and the further details of the long chapter are considered, the Friends' attitude towards the Indians certainly leaves no standing ground for an unfriendly critic. To such missionaries as Brainerd, Zeisberger and Heckwelder, great praise is due, but they were always in accord with, and protected by the policy of the Friends.

A. F.

Philadelphia, Sixth Month, 20.

## ART.

### WOMEN ARTISTS AND THE MANAGEMENT OF EXHIBITIONS.

A CURRENT slur on Hanging Committees which heedless editors are reproducing in their weekly columns of Art Notes asserts by implication that artists on these juries will favor their own works at the expense of others, and advises figure painters to send their pictures only to juries of landscapists, also declaring that on the other hand landscapes will have a better chance before judges a ma-



jority of whom are *genre* or portrait painters. There is positively no ground whatever in this country for these allegations. Hanging committees composed of artists have in all cases been fully as fair and impartial as those composed of laymen, with the one exception of the "Munich set" who succeeded in killing their exhibitions by glaring departures from this rule. It is true that in the National Academy the works of the academicians are hung without competitive regard to merit, but it must be remembered that a National Academy exhibition is intended first to display the works of academicians on the line, other contributors coming second. That hanging committees are obliged to comply with the law in this matter cannot be held as an argument against their fairness. Some of the members of recent committees have protested rigorously against too strict adherence to it, but the veterans have vested rights which the juniors have not so far been allowed to invade very seriously. Apart from these exceptions there is hardly an instance on record of American artists taking advantage of their position as jurors to favor themselves or their friends.

There is, however, a grave charge that does lie against artist-juries as at present constituted, namely, that women are invariably excluded. The two committees recently announced for the coming exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts respectively, are composed of good men and true, but both would be the better if good women and true were included in the membership. In theory, women should neither be included nor excluded because they are women, but because they are artists and competent or incompetent to serve. In practice, at present, women should be especially recognized because they have been heretofore especially denied recognition.

The New York Academy committee must still consist of men only, as women are not admitted to membership in that institution, but the Pennsylvania Academy is not limited by membership restrictions. There was an opportunity this spring when the Academy gave the control of the annual exhibition practically into the hands of the artists, to give women a fair representation in the controlling authority. A disposition was shown to improve this opportunity, but, probably because of the many questions raised in consummating the new alliance between the Academy and the painters, this much to be desired reform was not accomplished. Of the seven members of the hanging committee, two at least should have been women. The committee as appointed has a good working membership and will undoubtedly be favorably heard from, but it is not too much to say that any two on the list could have been very well spared to give place, say, to Miss Sartain and Miss Lewis.

Beside these, whose names have been mentioned in connection with the committee nominations, contributions to the exhibition are expected from Mrs. Eakens, Mrs. Moss, Miss Barber, Miss Beaux, Miss Lesley, Miss Ruff, Miss Ebbinghausen, Miss Bonsal, Miss Cohen, Miss Holme, Miss Lodge, Miss Magill, Miss Natt, Mrs. Stone, Miss Waugh, and others in and near Philadelphia. The contributions of these women will add fully as much to the attractiveness and value of the exhibition as those of their brother artists in this locality. In other words the exhibition will owe as much to women as to men; its success will be due as much to the former as to the latter. In view of this fact and in view, further, that the exhibition is to be managed wholly by the artists, it is a piece of presumption as well as a rank injustice for the men to exclude the women from their fair share of such responsibility, not because they are incompetent, which no one will pretend, but simply because they are women.

I. V. S.

#### NOTES.

THE commencement of the School of Design for Women took place on Tuesday evening, the 23d inst., a class of fifteen graduating. The address to the class was by Rev. Chas. G. Ames, and the address to the school by Mr. Geo. C. Lambdin, and then there were further appropriate remarks by P. Pemberton Morris, Esq., Geo. W. Biddle, Esq., and Mr. John Wanamaker. The prizes were then announced. The "George W. Childs" gold medal for regular attendance and greatest proficiency, was awarded to Hannah W. Dorland. The "Ledger Medal" for the best original design, to Anna Flood. The "James L. Claghorn" medal for the best original illustration, viz.: Whittiers poem "The Huskers" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," to Margaret M. Taylor. Miss Wuanita Smith received the drawing table presented by Janantzky & Weber to the student having the highest average for first year's work. The "William J. Horstmann" scholarship for neatness, earnestness of purpose and devotion to the best interests of the institution was awarded to Miss Amalie Genth. After the exercises a reception was held in the galleries and gardens, with music by the Karma Choral Society, and an excellent orchestra. An exhibition of the work of the pupils was arranged in the gallery, which remained open during the week.

Prof. L. W. Miller and Mr. Robert Arthur, are engaged in designing a series of stained glass windows for the new Episcopal Church of the Annunciation. The large rose window will be properly devoted to the subject of the Annunciation. Eight windows on the sides of the church will illustrate the Beatitudes. Two windows near the main entrance will represent Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and two others will be similarly assigned to Moses and Aaron.

A fire occurred at Knoedler's galleries, in New York, on Tuesday night, that put in jeopardy a number of artistic treasures which no amount of insurance could cover the value of. Fortunately the fire was subdued before the monetary loss amounted to more than \$25,000. But, as it was, several family portraits left on storage were destroyed, that can never be replaced. In the room next to the store-room were, among other paintings, Bouguereau's "Venus," valued at \$20,000; Meyer Von Bremen's "The Young Mother," valued at \$30,000, and Cooman's "Reprimand." They were got out uninjured, but with great difficulty. The damage to the building was about \$5,000. This accident again demonstrates the necessity of establishing in every large city, fire-proof storage rooms, especially adapted to the safe-keeping of pictures.

The number of the *Art Union* for April, May and June, is distinguished by a striking photogravure, a portrait of a young girl, photographed by B. J. Falk, and very successfully reproduced by the process of the New York Photogravure Company. It is an admirable piece of work in every way. The number has other attractive features, both of a literary and art nature. There are two small but clever etchings, by A. F. Bellows and Harry Chase, and a variety of other illustrations of merit. Articles on "The Salmagundi Black and White Society," "Art at Red Heat," and "The William T. Evans Collection," are very readable. It is a particularly good number throughout.

The *Magazine of Art* for July gives especial attention to portraits of Handel, in connection with an article on the great musician by R. A. M. Stevenson. The series of Handelian portraits thus presented is very interesting. The other chief illustrated articles are "Galimpton to Totnes," by J. Arthur Blaikie, "A Painter of Children" (Ludwig Knaus) by Helen Zimmerman, and "Female Head-Gear," by Richard Heath. There are fine full-page pictures of "The Burial of Atala," after the painting by Gustave Courtois, and "A Concert in Old Egypt," after A. Calbet. The Courtois is particularly effective, but it is the Handel portraits, after all, that give this number distinction. The editorial departments are well maintained. (Cassell & Co., N. Y.)

An elderly lady of Cincinnati, whose children have married, has taken to the study of art. She writes as follows: "My first school year has just ended. You are astonished? Well you know I never had any dignity to trouble me, and I, a woman of more than 50, can sit down by a miss of 15, and study the same lessons with perfect indifference as to 'how it looks.' I read quite lately an indorsement of my freak. Somebody said, 'If you want to stay young take up new studies or learn a new trade in middle life.' That is just what I am doing. I do not expect much, but I am interested and occupied, and not going on in a rut."

Speaking of the grant of a site on the Back Bay, Boston, and a large sum of money for a building for the State Normal Art School, the *Lowell Daily Courier* says: "Already the diffusion of art education is felt on American manufactures, which have hitherto depended almost wholly on foreign artists for whatever of art belongs to these industries. Not only have scores of the graduates of the State Normal Art School become teachers in the free drawing schools that our cities and large towns are obliged by law to maintain, but scores more, as well as many who have begun an art education in the local drawing schools, are already making large pay in various positions demanding art knowledge. In short, Massachusetts is already reaping the early harvest of her seed sowing, and she can do no less than to liberally plant and cultivate for a future crop."

De Neuville, writes a *Boston Journal* correspondent, made his battle pieces perfect transcripts of the great international episodes in the recent war. He neither flattered French nor Germans—he represented them exactly as they were. The result of his astonishing success was brain-wear, which finally resulted in partial paralysis. His blood slowly turned to water. His end was painful in the extreme. A dramatic incident was added to his closing days by the legitimation of his union with Madame Marechal, the once brilliant and beautiful actress, who has been the companion of his struggles and his triumphs.

At Vienna the famous Bosch collection of pictures has been sold for £24,000. It was particularly rich in specimens of the Dutch school, and a portrait by Rembrandt brought £3400; a "Dance in a Barn," by A. von Ostade, went for £2300; an interior, by the same artist, for £1800; a camp scene, by Wouverman, fetched £2100; and £1600 was paid for "The Archers," by Teniers. Several pictures were bought for the German Government, and two for Baron Rothschild.

The discovery of an important picture by Mantegna is said to have been made at the Brera at Milan, says the *London Academy*. It represents the Madonna and child surrounded by heads of singing angels, and till its recent restoration was ascribed to the school of John Bellini. A similar picture is described by Vasari among the works of Mantegna. If the ascription is confirmed it will be a valuable addition to the Brera, which contains two other notable works by the great Mantuan—the St. Luke with Saints, and the strange foreshortened Christ. Unless we are mistaken, the newly cleaned



picture is (or was in 1882) numbered 282 in the catalogue, and is remarkable for the manner in which the angels show their teeth. The restoration effected by Signor Louis Tavenagni is said to be very perfect.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LOCAL INSTITUTIONS OF MARYLAND. By Lewis W. Wilhelm, Ph. D. (Parts V., VI., VII., series 3, of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science). Pp. 129. Baltimore: N. Murray.

THE DEMON OF DARWIN. By the author of "Biogen," [Dr. Elliott Coues.] ("The Biogen Series," No. 2.) Pp. 64. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.—A BUDDHIST CATECHISM, ACCORDING TO THE CANON OF THE SOUTHERN CHURCH. By Henry S. Olcott. ("Biogen Series," No. 3.) Pp. 84. Same publishers.

KATHLEEN. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Pp. 212. \$0.50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

#### EXTRACTS FROM McMASTER'S SECOND VOLUME.

WE make a number of extracts, below, from the just issued second volume of Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." It opens with a study of social life and manners in Georgia and South Carolina in 1790:

Bees and huskings, plays and assemblies, barn-raising and parties were indeed not in vogue. No pastime could flourish among them that did not partake of danger or risk. They formed hunting clubs, and met once a fortnight. They gambled, they bet, they gathered in crowds to see cocks cut each other to pieces with spurs made of steel. They came from all parts to enter their horses for quarter races, or contest for a purse in three-mile heats. At such times the men of a lower caste played E. O. and faro, wrestled, and seldom went home without a quarrel, or perhaps a brutal fight. We are told by those who beheld these scenes that the fighting was rarely in hot blood, that the preliminaries were coolly arranged, and that each combatant agreed before he began whether it would be fair to bite off an ear, to gouge an eye, or maim his opponent in a yet more terrible way. Gouging was always permissible. Every bully grew a long thumb-nail or finger-nail for that very purpose, and when he had his opponent down would surely use it, unless the unfortunate man cried out "King's cruse," or enough. If the gouger took out the eye of but one man, his punishment might be a few hours in the pillory and a few lashes of the whip. When he repeated the offence, he might, the law declared, be put to death. Yet the practice was long a favorite one, and common as far north as the Maryland border.

Travelers will be interested in the sketch of southern inns:

The roads that led north and south were good and well cared for; but the inns throughout the whole south were execrable. Travelers of all sorts have agreed that the condition of the buildings, the coarseness of the fare, the badness of the beds, and the exorbitance of the reckoning, could not be equaled elsewhere. Not one of them displayed a sign, and, save for the number of handbills posted up beside the door, the inn was like every other house along the way. The windows had often no sashes, the roof let in the rain. Mattresses were unknown, and on the hottest nights in summer the weary lodger was compelled to lie down upon a feather bed. Breakfast cost six shillings; dinner cost a dollar. A night's lodging was half as much; but if clean sheets were demanded, the price was sixpence more. Supper was rarely eaten. Inn-keepers attributed these evils to the customs of the land, and declared that while wayfarers found entertainment at the houses of the great, the conditions of the taverns could never be improved. There were, of course, exceptions. Here and there in the large towns were to be seen ordinaries with which the most fastidious could find little fault. No better specimen of a good southern inn existed than the Eagle Tavern at Richmond. The building was large, was of brick, and provided with a long veranda in front. For a shilling and sixpence, Virginia currency, the traveler was shown to a neat bed in a well-furnished room up one flight of stairs. On the wall was fastened a printed table of rates. From this he learned that breakfast cost two shillings, and dinner, with grog or toddy, was three: that a quart toddy was one and six, and that the best Madeira wine sold for six shillings a quart. When he rose in the morning he washed his face, not in his room, but on the piazza, and ate his breakfast in the coolest of the dining-rooms, at a table adorned with pewter spoons and china plates. Off at one side was a tub full of water wherein melons and cucumbers, pitchers of milk and bottles of wine were placed to cool. Near by was a water-case which held two decanters. If he called for water, a wench brought it fresh from the spring, and he drank from a glass which had been cooling in a barrel which stood in one corner of the room. For his lodging and his board, if he ate a cold supper and was content with one quart of toddy, he paid to the landlord of the Eagle ten shillings, Virginia currency, or one dollar and sixty-six cents, federal money, each day.

A companion-piece is a sketch of New England taverns about the year 1800:—

Many a New England village inn could, in the opinion of the most fastidious of Frenchmen, well bear comparison with the best to be found in France. The neatness of the rooms, the goodness of the beds, the cleanliness of the sheets, the smallness of the reckoning, filled him with amazement. Nothing like them were to be met with in France. There the wayfarer who stopped at an ordinary overnight slept on a bug-infested bed, covered himself with ill-washed sheets, drank adulterated wine, and to the annoyance of greedy servants was added the fear of being robbed. But in New England he might with perfect safety pass night after night at an inn whose windows were destitute of shutters, and whose doors had neither locks nor keys. Save the Post-office, it was the most frequented house in the town. The great room, with its low ceiling and neatly sanded floor, its bright pewter dishes and stout-backed, slat-bottomed chairs ranged along the walls, its long table, its huge fireplace, with the benches on either side, where the dogs slept at night and where the guests sat when the dipped candles were lighted, to drink mull and flip, possessed some attraction for every one. The place was at once the town-hall and the assembly-room, the court-house and the show-tent, the tavern and the exchange. There the selectmen met. There the judges sometimes held court. On its door were fastened the list of names drawn for the jury, notices of vendues, offers of rewards for stray cattle, the names of tavern-haunters, and advertisements of the farmers who had the best seed-potatoes and the best seed-corn for sale. It was at the "General Greene," or the "United States Army," or the "Bull's Head," that wandering show-men exhibited their automata and musical clocks, that dancing-masters gave their lessons, that singing-school was held, that the caucus met, that the colonel stopped during general training. Thither came the farmers from the back country, bringing their food in boxes and their horses' feed in bags, to save paying the landlord more than lodging rates. Thither, many a clear night in winter, came sleigh-loads of young men and women to dance and romp, and, when nine o'clock struck, go home by the light of the moon. Thither, too, on Saturdays came half the male population of the village. They wrangled over politics, made bets, played tricks, and fell into disputes which were sure to lead to jumping-matches, or wrestling-matches, or trials of strength on the village green. As the shadows lengthened, the loungers dispersed, the tavern was closed, and quiet settled upon the town.

Concerning the French fashions that many Americans affected in 1800 we have this:

The folly of the French dress was a source of never-ending amusement. Satire, raillery, invective, the lamentations of the weeping philosopher, and the exhortations of the preacher, were exhausted in vain. Dress became every season more and more hideous, more and more uncomfortable, more and more devoid of good sense and good taste. Use and beauty ceased to be combined. The pantaloon of a beau went up to his arm-pits; to get into them was a morning's work, and, when in, to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an old-fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen neckerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind: his favorite drink was brandy, and his favorite talk of the last French play. Then there was the "dapper beau," who carried a stick much too short to reach the ground, twisted his Brutus-cropped hair into curls, and, upon the very crown of his head, wore a hat of a snuff-box size. But the politest man on earth was the shopkeeping beau. He would jump over a counter four feet high to pick up a lady's handkerchief, made the handsomest bows, said the best things, and could talk on any subject from the odor of a roll of pomatum to the vulgarity of not wearing wigs.

Even these absurdities were not enough, and when 1800 began, fashion was more extravagant still. Then a beau was defined as anything put into a pair of pantaloons with a binding sewed round the top and called a vest. The skirts of the coat should be pared away to the width of a hat-band, and if he was doomed to pass his time in the house, he would require a heavy pair of round-toed jack boots with a tassel before and behind. These provided, lift him, said the satirist, lift him by the cape of the coat, pull his hair over his face, lay a hat on his forehead, put spectacles on his nose, and on no account let his hands escape from the pockets of his pantaloons. Women were thought worse than the men. To determine the style of their dress, Fashion, Decency, and Health, the statement was, ran a race. Decency lost her spirits, Health was bribed by a quack-doctor, so Fashion won.

The point is taken out of the oft-repeated story of "Jeffersonian simplicity" as follows.

It has been long popularly believed that at noon Jefferson, unattended by a living soul, rode up the Capitol hill, tied his horse to



the picket-fence, entered the chamber of the senate and took the oath of office. The story, unhappily, is not true. Surrounded by a crowd of citizens and a troop of militia, beating drums and bearing flags, he ambled slowly on to the Capitol, and mounted the steps, with the shouts of a multitude and the roar of cannon ringing in his ears.

This is the summary of the character of Washington:

He died in his sixty-eighth year, and in the heyday of his glory and his fame. Time has since dealt gently with his memory, and he has come down to us as the greatest of all leaders and the most immaculate of all men. No other face is so familiar to us. His name is written all over the map of our country. We have made of his birthday a national feast. The outlines of his biography are known to every school-boy in the land. Yet his true biography is still to be prepared. General Washington is known to us, and President Washington. But George Washington is an unknown man. When at last he is set before us in his habit as he lived, we shall read less of the cherry-tree and more of the man. Naught surely that is heroic will be omitted, but side by side with what is heroic will appear much that is commonplace. We shall behold the great commander repairing defeat with marvelous celerity, healing the dissensions of his officers, and calming the passions of his mutinous troops. But we shall also hear his oaths, and see him in those terrible outbursts of passion to which Mr. Jefferson has alluded, and one of which Mr. Lear has described. We shall see him refusing to be paid for his services by congress, yet exacting from the family of the poor mason the shilling that was his due. We shall know him as the cold and forbidding character with whom no fellow-man ever ventured to live on close and familiar terms. We shall respect and honor him for being, not the greatest of generals, not the wisest of statesmen, not the most saintly of his race, but a man with many human frailties and much common sense, who rose in the fullness of time to be the political deliverer of our country.

### DRIFT.

—The Empress Carlotta, the unfortunate widow of Maximilian, of Mexico, entered her 46th year on June 11th. The physicians who have been attending her have observed recently that her health has become excellent, and that the malady which for years has oppressed her brain has been gradually disappearing.

—Letters received in Washington from Monrovia announce the election of Hon. Hilary R. W. Johnson as President of Liberia at the biennial election held on the 5th of May. Mr. Johnson is the first native Liberian elected to the presidency of the republic. His opponent was Rev. Edward W. Blyden, D. D., who has long been active in the civil, scholastic and religious affairs of Liberia.

Americans will find it easy to understand and sympathize with the joy of the English liberals—and especially of the English radicals—over Mr. Gladstone's refusal of the queen's offer to make him an earl. That he would refuse the honor has been morally certain, from the day when Benjamin Disraeli consented to be the Earl of Beaconsfield. The only possible danger was that the young Gladstones might over-persuade him, as the young Tennysons are popularly reported to have over-persuaded the poet. This danger, if it ever existed, is happily passed, and Mr. Gladstone will die Mr. Gladstone. It is not merely the fact of his refusing an undemocratic title that rejoices his political followers. They see in that fact an assurance that—barring a sudden physical breakdown, of which there are at present no signs—they are to have the advantage of his personal popularity and unequalled oratory in the coming campaign—*Hartford Courant*.

—The New York Republican managers are talking about measures to enlarge the representation in their State Convention. What they really need is to enlarge the Republican vote in the State—*Chicago Journal*.

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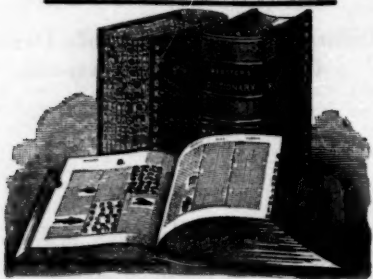
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